THE STEP-DAUGHTER.

She is not mine, and to my heart,
Perhaps she is less dear
Than those of whom my life is part—
This is the sin I fear!
And ever in the dread to err,
By loving those the best,
More gentle have I been to her
Perhaps than all the rest,
Has any little fault occurred
That may rebuke demand,
Ere I can speak a hasty word,
Or lift a chiding hand,
An angel's face comes flitting by,
With looks so sad and mild,
A voice floats softly from the sky—
Would'st harm my orphan child?"
No! witness thou, and all above,
I'll cherish her as mine;
Or may I lose a mother's love—
A love that once was thine!

The Unwashed Othello.

One night Major P—— H——, Colonel C—— of G——, with one or two others, who were supping at the Bugle Inn at Newport, agreed to amuse themselves in this manner. A scene from 'Othello' was fixed upon—Othello, by the Colonel, who, in order to look the character, blackened his face all over with a burned cork belonging to one of the empty champaign bottles that stood under the sideboard.

The night was far spent, when Mrs. B——'s coachman, who waited to drive the Colonel home, and who had made several attempts to get the Colonel away, sent up word that he 'couldn't keep his horses out any longer, and if the Colonel didn't come immediately, he must drive to S—— without him.' The latter, not wishing to compromise an old and valued servant, instantly complied, and dismissing the carriage at the lodge, walked up to the house, let himself in with a latch key, and went straight to bed, quite forgetting that his face was blackened all over.

In the morning Mrs. C—— awoke, and turning round, discovered a black man snoring by her side! Too much frightened to scream, she jumped out of bed, rang the bell frenously, and wound herself in the bed curtains.

In rushed the lady's maid and house keeper.

'Oh ma'am! what's the matter?' cried both in a breath.

'Nothing happened to the Colonel, I hope, ma'am?' said the butler at the door.

'Hope master ain't took with a fit, ma'am?' pursued the footman, peering over the butler's shoulder.

'O! take it away!—take it away!' cried Mrs. C——, speaking with great difficulty, and giving herself another twist in the bed curtains.

'What is it, ma'am? what is it, said the *femme de chambre*, frightened out of her wits.

'Is it in bed, ma'am?' said the house-keeper, waddling up to it.

'Kna-a-aw!' snored the still slumbering Othello.

'Thieves! murder!' screamed the woman, running out again.

'Thieves! murder!' echoed Mrs. C——, applying herself to the bell *de capo*.

'Don't be alarmed, ma'am,' said the butler bolting in, followed by the footman and groom, armed with what weapons they could lay their hands on, 'we'll soon secure the rascal. Lads, mind your heads!' and with this he gallantly flourished the Colonel's sabre, which he had appropriated; and, supported by the rest of the party, approached the bed.

'Hallo,' roared the Colonel, starting on his 'head's antipodes;' for he had been awakened by the hubbub.

'Murder! help!' vociferated Mrs. C., stamping and jerking down the bell-pull.

Help! murder!' reiterated the footman, scrambling out of the room on all fours, as if he were acting a stag-hound in some mythological charade.

'Here, Tom! Dick! Come back, you rascals!' cried the bewildered Colonel, throwing his night cap after them.

'John! you old fool you, get up! Where's your mistress? If you don't get up this instant, and tell the meaning of all this, and who keeps screaming behind the curtains here, I'll fling the bolster at you; I will, you old villain! Are you all mad?'

'Bless me! is it you, sir!' said the butler, rising and rubbing the small of his back.

'La! my dear! is it you?' cried Mrs. C——, peeping.

'Me, to be sure it is! Who the plague should it be? What are you both laughing at? What were you all so frightened for? Did you take me for the devil?'

'We did, indeed, sir,' said the butler, as soon as he could speak.

'And no wonder!' cried Mrs. C——, laughing heartily. 'What in the world have you done to your face, my dear?'

'Face! What's the matter with my face?' inquired the Colonel, who had forgotten all about the previous night's theatricals.

'Nay, you best know,' rejoined the better half. 'John, bring the Colonel that glass.'

'Eh? Oh! I recollect now,' said the Colonel, looking at himself. 'Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! How H—— and the rest of 'em will laugh when they hear this. John, you may go.' And when the servant had left the room, he explained the matter.

THE DRED SCOTT DECISION IN PRACTICE.—Slamming the last door of the first car and opening that of the second, the 'gentlemanly conductor' of the New York train made his appearance, with his bow and smile, and 'tickets, gentlemen, if you please.'

Seated in the front corner, surrounded by her personal conveniences, such as a carpet bag, umbrella, big bundle, little bundle, a few apples and pieces of cake, was a colored lady, whose face, the hue of an inverted saucepan, contrasting with her snow white ivory and eyeballs, gave that pleasing African expression which is so often the type of humor and good nature.

'Ticket, ma'am,' says the conductor, with a civility regardless of complexion.

'I hasn't got 'em,' she replied, 'but I'se got money any way,' and she began to fumble in her bag, then in the bundles, searching these articles through in vain.

'Come, hurry up,' exclaimed the slightly impatient friend; 'I can't wait all day.'

'Bress yer soul, you don't think I find everything in a minute, but I'se got money somewhere—must be in dis yeah carpet bag,' and she felt in her pocket accordingly for the key.

'Well, well, I'll pass through, and when I get back perhaps you will have it ready.'

'Yas, sartin,' said Dinah; but as he passed along she reached out her umbrella, and giving him a poke upon the shoulder, asked, 'What you gwoin to charge on freight?'

'What do you want to know that for?'

'Cause I does; I'se civil, ain't I?'

Well, five cents a foot; there, don't bother me any more, but find your money,' and he went his way.

There seemed to be a peculiar drollery about the lady's eye and mouth, as the one rolled around in its black sea of flesh, and the other opened to give vent to an involuntary 'ya! ha!' It was not long now before she found her purse, and withdrew some coin, which she kept jingling in her hand, as she kept up her occasional cachinations.

In due time the conductor returned for his money, and upon extending his itching palm, was somewhat astonished at receiving the precise sum of ten cents.

'What do you mean?' he exclaimed. 'The fare to New York is five dollars.'

'Yas, yas, I knows dat, for white folks—folks *what am folks*—but *I'se* nobody; I'se *freight, I* is. Yah, yah! Poor rule as don't work both ways; five cents a foot, heah they is!" said she, extending a pair of enormous perambulators for the inspection of the conductor and us all.

The nonplussed functionary stood undetermined for a moment amid the shouts of the passengers, until an idea of compromise occurred to him, as he exclaimed, 'Well, if you are a freight, take yourself off into the baggage car.' But even there Dinah was too much for him, as she replied, 'Jus you pick up your freight if you want to cair um off!'

This settled the point. The conductor vanished, and Dinah offered a pious ejaculation: 'Lord bress dat ar Preme Court, and give 'em credit for five dollar bill anyway!'

More Fuss than Feathers.

The Philadelphia Pennsylvanian had the following good story among its police reports:

As Mrs. Esther Stansbury, residing in a court running from Race, below Sixth street, was about to bring a bucket of water from the hydrant last night, she found an old basket suspended from the knob of the front door. Putting her hand into the basket, she felt something alive and kicking, but so wrapped up in rags that no further discovery could be made without unwrapping the object. A piece of paper, folded like a letter, lay by the side of the animated bundle. Mrs. Stansbury immediately returned into the house, and by the light of the lamp examined the billet. It was directed to her husband. She tremulously broke the seal and read as follows:

"To John Stansbury—Sir: I send you the baby, which you will please take good care of, and bring up right, so that it may turn out to be a better man than it's daddy. Oh, Joseph! what a sly old rake you are! Who would think that such a sober old spindleshanks could be such a tearing down sinner! The child is yours—you may swear to that. Look at it—it is Joe—Stansbury all over. You deceived me shamefully, Joe—letting on to be a widower!

But do a father's duty by the young one, and I'll forgive you.

"Your heart-broken NANCY."

"P. S.—Don't let that sharp nosed wife of yours see this letter. Gammon her with some kind of a story about the baby. N."

Mr. Stansbury was in the basement kitchen quietly eating his supper, and little imagining what a storm was brewing over his head. The door of the kitchen was violently thrown open, and his wife's voice yelled out—

"Stansbury, come up here, you villain! Here's a mess for you!"

The astonished Stansbury hastily obeyed the summons.

"Don't you want to see Nancy, the heart-broken Nancy?" cried Mrs Stansbury when her guilty husband hobbled up into the room.

"Nancy! what Nancy's that?" said the sly old rogue in well-feigned astonishment.

"Why, Nancy, the mother of this baby that's been hung up at the door, Mr. Stansbury! Oh, you look mighty innocent, but just read this letter, and then look into that basket! Don't be afraid—it won't bite; it's got no teeth, poor thing. You'll know it; for, as the hussy says, it's just like you, *all over*. Please goodness, I'll expose you before everybody."

In less than five minutes Mrs. Stansbury had collected a room full of spectators—half the inhabitants of the court—to witness the process of unwrapping the baby. Anxious expectation sat on every countenance, as the jealous lady tore away rag after rag from the body of the foundling, the vigorous movement of which astonished everybody. "It is full of the devil already," said Mrs. S., "that shows it's his. You'll soon see that it is like him in everything."

At last, all the swaddling clothes being removed, out jumped the baby, and made its escape through the open door. It was a *big tom cat!*

INTRODUCTION OF YANKEE DOODLE TO EUROPE.—During the negotiations, at Ghent, of the treaty of peace to which I have just alluded, a festival or banquet, or it may have been a ball, was about to take place, at which it was proposed to pay the customary musical compliment to all the sovereigns who were present or represented on the occasion. The sovereign people of the United States—represented there, as you remember, by Mr. Adams, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Clay, Mr. Jona. Russell, and Mr. Gallatin, were, of course, not to be overlooked; and the musical conductor or band master of the place called upon the Commissioners to furnish him with our national air. Our national air, said they, is Yankee Doodle. Yankee Doodle, said the conductor, what is that? Where shall I find it? By whom was it composed? Can you supply me with the score? The perplexity of the Commissioners may be better conceived than described. They were fairly at their wits' ends. They had never imagined that they should have scores of this sort to settle, and each turned to the other in despair. At last they bethought them, in a happy moment, that there was a colored servant of Mr. Clay's, who like so many of his race was a first-rate whistler, and who was certain to know Yankee Doodle by heart. He was sent for accordingly, and the problem was solved without delay. The band master jotted down the air as the colored boy whistled it, and before night, said Mr. Adams, Yankee Doodle was set to so many parts, that you would hardly have known it, and it came out the next day in all the pride, pomp and circumstance of viol and haut boy, of drum, trumpet and cymbal, to the edification of the allied Sovereigns of Europe, and to the glorification of the United Sovereigns of America.—*R. C. Winthrop's Address at the Boston Musical Festival.*

The Dahlonega (Ga.) Signal tells a sorrowful tale of the scarcity of provisions in that and adjacent counties.

Women in the Garden.

The Ohio Valley Farmer is in favor of a sphere in the garden for females. The opinion is well expressed thus:

"Much in these days is said about the sphere of women. Of this vexed question we have nothing now to say. The culture of the soil, the body and soul, are our themes. Rich soils, healthy bodies, pure, cultivated souls, these are what we are aiming at. And to this end we recommend that every country woman have a garden that she keeps and dresses with her own hand, or at least that she supervises and manages.

The culture of strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, currants and garden vegetables is as delightful and profitable as anything in which women can engage. She may sprinkle her garden well with flowers. All the better for that. A snowball in this corner, a rose in that, a dahlia bed there, and a moss border here, will not be out of place. Only let the substantial and useful constitute the chief part. A touch of the ornate, like a ribbon on a good bonnet, is not in the least objectionable.

In all the schools the girls study botany. In all families the women ought to practice botany. It is healthy, pleasing and useful. The principles of horticulture are the principles of botany put into practice. Farmers study agriculture, why should not their wives and daughters study horticulture? If any is healthy this must be. If any is pleasurable none can be more so than this.

A rich bed of strawberries, a bush of blackberries or currants, a border of flowers produced by one's own hand, what can well afford more rational satisfaction? We say, have a garden, if it is only a small one, and do your best with it. Plant it with what pleases you best, with a good variety, and see what you do with it. What woman cannot have beets, tomatoes, melons, onions, lettuce, and furnish her own table with them? What woman cannot plant a raspberry bush or currant or gooseberry, and tend it well? Come, good woman, study your health, your usefulness and happiness, and your childrens' also."

CABBAGES.—You are still in ample time for the main crop of cabbages to be harvested in August and September, and for the winter crop to be gathered two months later. Select a good rich border of garden mould, and sprinkle on a half bushel of ashes to the square rod. Rake them in thoroughly and sow the seed, either broadcast or in drills, four inches apart. The object of the ashes is to destroy the larvæ of the insects that are prone to prey upon the Brassica tribe of plants. These will be up and fit for setting the last of the month. When these plants are removed, it may be immediately re-sown to furnish plants for the last crop.

The cabbage is a rank feeder, and wants a deep rich soil, if you mean to make it pay. Avoid all style manure, or composts into which they enter. The cabbage rarely escapes club-foot where this manure is used. It delights in a fresh soil, and we have found great benefit in bringing up the subsoil in old gardens where the crop is planted. For the small varieties, the rows may be twenty inches apart, and the plants fifteen inches in the row. The large varieties, like the Drumheads and Bergen, want nearly twice that room.

When the plants are set out, they must be cultivated diligently. Once a week is none too often to hoe them. This makes them grow rapidly and obtain a large size.

FLOWERS.—In the hurry of farm work, do not forget the flowers. Think far enough ahead not only to see the golden fields of waving grain, the sport of the summer breezes, or the falling grass before the keen scythe, and not only to smell the new mown hay—but think of the bright flowers too, and of their refreshing odors. The scent of the hay is pleasant, but when one crawls down from under the ridgepole after stowing away three or four loads, for our part, we think he is ready to exchange it for that of mignionette, geranium and roses. In order to be thus regaled and refreshed, after similar exercise, and after we have plunged our seedy visage in a basin of cold water, and the last hay-seed is out of our hair, in the five minutes while the tea is drawing, let us, with the aid of our helpmeets in this respect, make some preparations beforehand.

Drummond's phlox, sweet peas, mignionette, carnation pinks, and pinks of all kinds, China asters, tenweeks, larkspurs, candy-tufts, snap dragon, etc., each in variety should not be forgotten among the many annuals, both new and old, that are worthy attention. Among the biennials, fox glove, monk's hood, and canterbury bells, must not be omitted, and the list of perennial flowering herbs is a large one. Various kinds of campanuls, phloxes, larkspurs, columbines, spiræas, etc., should be provided. These, with dahlias, gladiolus, tuberose, and other bulbs, should be started in a frame, which with good care will provide many a fresh boquet to charm a weary hour—to grace the centre table, or as a gift to brighten the eyes and gladden the heart of the invalid. There is no gift of friendship that gives more real pleasure.—*Homestead.*

GRAPES.—One of those fevers which have the singular quality of leaving the system in a better state than they find it, has many of "our best citizens in its possession." We allude to the grape fever. The astonishing success of Rev. Dr. Ide in producing grapes has excited much attention, and his counsel has been sought by numerous parties. His secret is very largely in the preparation of his trench, or border. The only reason why grapes have never been more successful here is that they have never been decently fed. The grape vine is a gross feeder, has a long descending root, and requires a very deep soil, well furnished with appropriate fertilizing materials. A trench or border three feet deep, and four or five feet across, well filled with the best loam, is not too large, and we suppose Dr. Ide would not consider it as large as desirable. Bones are the principal fertilizer depended upon. Not less than fifty pounds of bones should be put in for the vines to feed upon permanently, as they decay. More than this quantity, almost indefinitely, would be better. At the same time may be added leached ashes by the quantity, and compost for the more immediate use of the plant. They should not be allowed to bear too early. The training of the vine, as practised by Mr. Sackett, at present our best operative gardener, is to let it throw out a lateral branch in each direction to the distance of five, six or seven feet, depending on the richness of the trench, and, from those, letting shoots run perpendicularly up the trellis.—*Springfield Republican.*

CANTALEUPS, &c.—Cantaleups can be raised with all the certainty of the cucumber and the pumpkin. They require a little more care in preparing and selecting the ground. A sandy loam is always to be preferred; but any light, friable soil, with a southern exposure, free from prevailing moisture, will answer. The ground should be converted into a fine tilth—the hills should be dug out to the depth of eight or ten inches, eighteen inches in diameter, which should be filled with one-third well rotted manure, one-third good sand, (should the soil not possess any,) and one-third rich earth, well mixed. The hills should be from eight to twelve feet apart each way, as room may allow, and the seeds, say five to a hill, should be planted over the whole hill, an inch below the surface. When the sprouts are two inches high give them a fair sprinkling of wood ashes while the dew is on, or after watering them, and repeat three or four times during the two following weeks. This will drive away the insects. When they are six inches high remove all but two or three vines, according to the rows, and carefully put round, not to the vines, a little guano. In removing the weeds from the beds the vines should not be disturbed, as the rootlets which penetrate the earth from the vines, and which supply the principal nourishment to the fruit, will be destroyed. Nothing more is needed to yield an amount of this delicious melon that will astonish the uninitiated and a quality unequalled by the best productions of Jersey.

Watermelons require exactly the same treatment, but the crop is not so certain as the cantaleup. Still, if a light, friable, sandy soil, with a southeastern exposure, is selected, and the Mountain Sweet variety is planted, a fair crop may almost certainly be counted on. We have raised twenty-one edible watermelons from three hills. The Orange watermelon is very luscious, and we think requires rather a shorter season than others, and produces abundantly.

[*Germantown Telegraph.*

THE "SLAVE POWER."—At a late meeting of the Society of Arts, in London, some startling facts were disclosed touching the commercial influence of the much abused "slave power" of the South. Of the total exports of Great Britain, one-third is made up of cotton manufactures alone. Last year, after clothing the entire population of the British islands, the English cotton spinners exported $150,000,000 worth. So extensive is the operation of this supply upon the general prosperity of that country, that an increase of a penny a pound, according to an estimate of Lord Stanley, in the cost of the raw material, is equivalent to a national loss of four or five millions.

The fact which gives these statistics their peculiar importance to American readers is yet to be stated. Of the 900,000,000 pounds of cotton imported by England last year, 700,000,000 pounds were from the United States. In other words, one hundred and fifteen millions of dollars worth of England's annual exports, to say nothing of what she consumes herself, depend wholly upon the United States for its supply.

[*South Side Democrat.*

AN AWFUL COMING DOWN.—Krautsa laat's wife has caught the habit of joking from her husband, and occasionally make use of it in public, to the astonishment of those who hear her. The other day she was out shopping, and dropped into a lace and embroidery establishment, where she asked the smiling salesman to show her some laces. He handed down a variety of styles, Honiton, Point d'Alencon, Bruxelles, Guipure, etc., ranging in price from ten to one hundred dollars per yard. None of these, however, met her ideas, and she finally suggested that she would prefer black laces. The same ceremonies were gone through with again, but with the same result—she was dissatisfied with all, until, somewhat out of patience, the clerk remarked—"Well, madame, I don't know what kind of laces you desire; I have shown you all we have." "Oh," responded Madame K., with one of her peculiarly bewitching smiles—"I wanted some black shoe-laces—five cents' worth, if you please!"

[*N. Y. Picayune.*

LEGISLATIVE HUMOR.—The Springfield Republican says:

"During the late banking debate, Mr. Swift, of Boston, made some humorous hits, the funniest of which was that upon Mr. Hyde, of Newton. Mr. Hyde had made his appearance with his hair newly shorn, and looking most wonderfully unlike his former self. Swift alluded to his remarks of the day before, and looking directly at him, spoke of him as 'the gentleman of Newton, whom I do not see in his seat!' The alteration in Mr. Hyde's appearance, however, is not so striking as in that of a venerable senator, the Nestor of the upper branch, who, when in the Senate two years ago, was frightfully gray, but who came up this year with his hair and whiskers of a lustrous black. Meeting with one of his colleagues of 1855, he accosted him very cordially, but was coldly told that he 'really had the advantage' of the person addressed. 'Why, I am Mr. ——, of ——,' said the rejuvenated senator. 'Oh,' said his colleague, '*your father* was in the Senate with me two years ago! How do you do, sir?'"

MRS. PARTINGTON AND HARVARD COLLEGE.—"They are determined to drive the 'spirits' from Harvard," said the professor to Mrs. Partington, with much glee, and he rubbed his hands delightedly. "I want to know," said the dame, staying her knitting needles in her wonder; "do tell us! Well, I never dreamed there was any spirituality in that cemetery of learning beyond what there used to be in the refreshment and sycamore classes that Paul used to tell of, and I should think they would be glad to find *some* there anyhow."

MRS. PARTINGTON—HER OPINION.—"I don't know what you mean by genius," said Mrs. Partington with animation, while speaking of the merits of a tyro who had just given evidence of wonderful ability by improvising, ostensibly, a poem before the Institute of which he was a member. "I don't know what you mean by genius if he hasn't got it, for didn't he improvish poetry before the Literary Destitute, I should like to know, and receive lots of reprobation for it from people that know what good poetry is?"

Ladies should have but one given name, and when they are married should retain their maiden name as a middle name. This is a practice among the Society of Friends, and, were it generally adopted, it would have many advantages. We should know at once, on seeing a lady's name, whether she was married or single; and if the former, what the name of her family was.

Praying and Doing.

"Bless the poor children who haven't got any beds to-night," prayed the little boy, just before he lay down on his nice warm cot, on a cold windy night.

As he rose from his knees, his mother said, "You have just asked God to bless the poor children—what will you do to bless them?"

The boy thought a moment. "Why, if I had a hundred cakes, enough for all the family, I'd give them some."

"But you have no cakes; what are you willing to do?"

"Why, when I get money enough to buy all the things that I want, and have some over, I'll give them some."

"But you haven't half money to buy all you want, and perhaps never will have; what will you do to bless the poor now?"

"I'll give them some bread."

"You have no bread; the bread is mine."

"Then I could earn money and buy a loaf myself."

"Take things as they now are; you know what you have that is your own; what are you willing to give to help the poor?"

The boy thought again. "I'll give them half my money; I have seven pennies, and I'll give them four. Wouldn't that be right?"

JUVENILE LOGIC.—"That which thou hast to do, do it with all thy might," said a clergyman to his son, one morning.

"So I did this morning," replied Bill, with an enthusiastic gleam in his eye.

"Ah, what was it, darling?" and the father's fingers ran through his offspring's curls.

"Why, I wolloped Jack Edwards," said the young hopeful, "till he yelled like thunder. You should just hear him holler, dad."

That father looked unhappy, while he explained that the precept did not apply to any act like that, and concluded mildly with—

"You should not have done that, my child."

"Then he'd a wolloped me," replied young hopeful.

"Better," said the sire, "for you to have fled from the wrath to come."

"Yes, but, replied young hopeful, by way of final clincher," "Jack can run twice as fast as I can."

The good man sighed, went to his study, took up a pen, and endeavored to compose himself.

THE FARMER.—Adam was a farmer while yet in Paradise, and after his fall commanded to earn his bread by the sweat of his face.

Job, the upright, honest and patient, was a farmer, and his patience has passed into a proverb.

Socrates was a farmer, and wedded to his calling the glory of his immortal philosophy.

St. Luke was a farmer, and divides with Prometheus the honor of subjecting the ox for the use of man.

Burns was a farmer, and the muse found him at the plow and filled his soul with poetry.

Washington was a farmer, and retired from the highest earthly station to enjoy the quiet of rural life and present to the world a spectacle of human greatness.

The enthusiastic Lafayette—the steadfast Pickering—the scholastic Jefferson—the Versatile Randolph—all found an Eldorado of consolation from the cares and troubles of life in the green and verdant lawns that surrounded their homestead.

The following colloquy took place between the census marshal and a native of Germany:

"Who lives here?"

"Yaw."

"What is your name?"

"Sharmony on the Rhine."

"What's your father's name?"

"Nix for stay."

"When did you arrive in Albany?"

"Mit a steamboats."

"Got any children?"

"Yaw, two barrels mit krout."

"How long have you resided in this house?"

"Two rooms and der basements."

"Who owns the building?"

"I pays nothing; Hans pays the same twice a month."

"Where did you live last year?"

"Across der red store as you come up mit der market in your right hand, perhind der pump vat belongs to der blacksmid shops."

A schoolmaster, after giving one of his pupils a sound drubbing for speaking bad grammar, sent him to the end of the room to inform another boy that he wished to speak to him, promising to repeat the dose if he spoke to him ungrammatically. The youngster, being quite satisfied with what he had got, determined to be exact, and thus addressed his fellow pupil: "A common substantive of the masculine gender, singular number, nominative case, and in an angry mood, that sits perched upon the eminence at the other end of the room, wishes to articulate a few sentences to you in the present tense."

LOOKING GUILTY.—Nothing can be more absurd than the idea that "looking guilty" proves guilt. An honest man charged with crime is much more likely to blush at the accusation than the real offender, who is generally prepared for the event, and has his face "ready made" for the occasion. The very thought of being suspected of anything criminal will bring the blood to an innocent man's cheek in nine cases out of ten. The most "guilty looking" person we ever saw was a man arrested for stealing a horse, which turned out to be his own property.—*Boston Post.*

TIMELY HIT.—A good looking fellow was arraigned before the Police Court, charged with having stolen a watch. The Judge asked him what induced him to commit the theft. The young man replied that, having been unwell for some time, the doctor advised him to *take something*, which he had accordingly done. The Judge asked what had led him to select a *watch*. "Why," said the prisoner, "I thought if I only had the *time* that nature would work a cure!"

An eccentric clergyman, lately alluding in his pulpit to the subject of family government, remarked that it is often said, "That now-a-days there is no such thing as family government. But it is false—all false! There is just as much family government now as there ever was—just as much as in the days of our fathers and grandfathers. The only difference is, that then the old folks did the governing, now it is done by the young ones!"

The Rev. Jacob G —— (we regret that our correspondent does not give us his name in full) was the pastor of a church in Philadelphia many years ago, the leading members of it being loyal subjects of King George, for whom they had great reverence. The minister was a German and a stanch republican. The custom of praying for the King had always been maintained in that church; but the Rev. Jacob G——, when he was settled there, neglected to remember his Majesty in his public prayers. The leading parishioners met and remonstrated with him on his oversight, and desired him to pray for the King on the following Sunday, which he promised very readily to do. The next Sunday morning he introduced the following petition into his service:

"O Lord, hear us vile ve pray for de King George, and all de kings of de earth. Grant dem all keen conviction, sound conversion, and give dem all short lives, and happy deaths, and take dem all home to heaven, and let us never have any more kings vile the vorld stands."

He was excused from praying for the King after that comprehensive prayer.

Pomp.—Why you hab your hair parted in de middle, you swell nigger?

Cuff.—"Kase it's de fashun wid all what respecks demselves, you bald-headed embodiment ob blackin' you. But what is de difference between your hair and mine, Pomp?"

Pomp.—"Gibs it up."

Cuff.—"My hair is *parted* in de middle, and your'n is *departed*."

An aristocratic Irishman, speaking of his native country, said it was an execrable place; in fact, the only thing worth owning in it was the whiskey.

"You mean to say, then," said a waggish friend, 'that with all her faults, you love her STILL?'

Struggle to leave thy sons well educated rather than rich, for the hopes of the learned are more valuable than the treasures of the ignorant.

DEATH OF SENATOR BUTLER.

At a time when the South can least spare the counsel of her wise statesmen and the service of her zealous champions, she has to mourn the loss of one who maintained her cause with all the resources of a sagacious intellect and all the ardor of a brave and generous nature. For it was the distinction of Senator Butler that he united a sound judgment with an impulsive temperament, and exhibited as much of discretion in practical affairs as he displayed of eloquence in debate. From a long service on the Bench, he acquired a habit of patient investigation and a judicial gravity in embracing conclusions, which imparted weight to his opinion and stability to his character. Still, the ardor of his nature was only tempered to a steady glow, and was easily inflamed by any spectacle of wrong and injustice, or kindled into a generous warmth by an appeal to his patriotism or magnanimity. With Judge Butler the man and the politician were not distinct characters. Amiable, affable, and unaffected in the social circle, in public life he was equally simple, unselfish and susceptible of every generous impulse. Nothing of his dignity was due to a theatrical assumption of personal consequence; he was indebted for none of his success to ignoble intrigue or an eager aspiration after place and power. Hence his elevation provoked the least of jealous opposition, and few people were disposed to detract from the praise of his modest virtues. Perhaps of all the public men of his day Judge Butler enjoyed the largest share of personal popularity among his political adversaries—than which there can scarcely be a stronger attestation of the amiability of his disposition, and the gentlemanly courtesy of his bearing.

As an orator Judge Butler was distinguished by an abundance of classical allusion and rhetorical embellishment, yet without the least parade of pedantry or scholastic refinement. His speeches are strong in argument, but rather by the separate strokes of a vigorous intellect than because of any affectation of the precision of logical form. The dryest details he could relieve with the flashes of a wit as spontaneous in its inspiration as it was brilliant in its sparkle. But he was greatest when extolling whatever is worthy of admiration, or when launching the blasting, crushing bolt of his indignation against meanness and injustice; as witness his noble eulogy on the Supreme Court, and his withering philippic upon Charles Sumner.

These were some of Judge Butler's claims to the admiration and affection of the South; his ardent devotion to her cause, his jealous regard for her honor, and his zeal and courage in defence of her rights, entitle him to her gratitude and reverence. Well does she lament his loss, for it may be long before she will find another champion of so brilliant genius and so heroic spirit. South Carolina feels the bereavement with peculiar poignancy, but in her sorrow she may be assured of the sympathy of Virginia, who claims the privilege of a tribute to the memory of the gallant Butler.—*The [Richmond] South.*

CIVIL WAR IN OHIO.—CINCINNATI, May 29.—Deputy United States Marshal Churchill, and seven assistants, left this city last Tuesday, to arrest four persons in Mechanicsburg, Champagne county, Ohio, charged with harboring fugitive slaves nine months ago.

The arrests were made on Wednesday, when a writ of habeas corpus was taken out; but before it could be served, the United States officers, with their prisoners, were beyond the bounds of the county. Another writ was taken out in Greene county, and served by the Sheriff, assisted by a large crowd of citizens.

The United States officers resisted, and several shots were exchanged; but finally the United States officers were overpowered, taken prisoners and brought to Springfield for trial, for resisting the Sheriff in the discharge of his duty. The greatest excitement prevailed.

The United States Marshal telegraphed the Secretary of the Interior to-day for instructions regarding the arrest and imprisonment of the United States officers, but the nature of the instructions received in reply has not yet transpired.

Judge Leavitt, United States District Judge, issued a writ of habeas corpus to-day, and the Marshal has gone to Springfield to serve it. In case resistance is offered, it is reported that the United States troops will be called out.

DEATH OF LIEUT. STRAIN.—Lieut. Strain died at Aspinwall, on the night of the 13th ult., and next day was buried in the Mount Hope Cemetery. The Aspinwall Courier says:

"The funeral was attended by most of the officers of the Cyane, and a few from the Wabash, and some twenty-six sailors from the Cyane, fourteen of whom acted as pall-bearers, and twelve as substitutes for marines. On arriving at the grave the Episcopal burial service was read by the Chaplain of the Wabash, and three volleys were fired over the grave by the sailors aforesaid. The pall-bearers and sailors in attendance were in charge of Midshipman Gove, and the sailors (nice marines) in charge of Midshipman Allen. Both these officers and their detachments performed their duties well—and the entire conduct of the ceremonies was creditably executed."

THE COMET.—Prof. Mitchell, of Cincinnati, in a recent lecture on astronomy, ridiculed the idea of a collision of a comet with the earth, and remarked, in relation to the idea that the earth may after all be destroyed by a comet, that he could not tell, but thought that "if we lived to meet such a catastrophe we should pass the age of Methuselah about ten million of years!" We think but very few people would be content to wait so long for such a spectacle. Nervous people may take courage. There is a good chance for them to die peaceably, and in a good old-fashioned way.